



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out." —Job xxix. 12, 16.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 22. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1862. Whole No. 658.

Advocate and Guardian.

EDITED BY MRS. SARAH R. I. BENNETT.

Published, Semi-Monthly,
BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE
American Female Guardian Society,

AT THE

House of Industry and Home for the Friendless,
29 East 29th Street, and 32 East 30th Street, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,
No. 29 East 29th Street,
Box 4740. NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

GONE HOME A LITTLE SOONER.

BEING called from home to spend a few weeks in a neighboring city to receive medical treatment, I took with me my only son of nine years as a companion for a few days. He could stay only a short time, and at an early hour one morning I secured a ticket and seat in the cars, which would soon return him to his father and home. I kissed him good-by, and returned to my lodgings, but I missed his presence and voice as I passed the crowded streets, feeling lonely even in a throng. As I tried to keep back the tears, thoughts like these crowded upon my sad heart: It is only a few weeks that I remain, there is everything done by my friends here to contribute to my happiness; when I return there will be my boy's loving smile to welcome me; he has only gone home a little sooner than I.

Months ago when I bowed in agony over the little grave of one who went home a little sooner than I, why could not I comfort myself

with thoughts like these, when I said good-by to my darling boy. Why so slow to think of her as having passed on to heavenly mansions, to be in waiting for me! While with me her little being was a fountain of light and unspeakable happiness, and when she took passage with the "pale boatman" for the eternal shore, my heart was crushed and stricken.

As we look around we see many traces of departed ones. Every day's events and every clash of battle tell us of those who have just passed on to the hidden world in advance of us and are beckoning us onward to their home. Here we see the devoted Christian mother saying farewell to her idolized boy, whose lips she first taught to lisp their evening prayer, and on whose manly form and noble, loving heart she had hoped to lean as she was sinking to her final rest. He goes, and with a heart full of sickening agony she gives him her blessing, and turns for strength and support to the strong Arm. In a few weeks or months that precious name is read in the daily paper, beside it "killed." That noble boy has found a grave on Southern soil, beside friend and foe, uncared for save by the few rough hands who "were detailed to bury our dead."

Mother! look beyond thy boy's rude burial-place and his cruel death-agonies, he has only gone on in advance of you, we trust, to take possession of that mansion that was in reserve for him, and when thy heart has become all purified and meet for thy blessed home, thou shalt awake in his blissful presence, where no sound of war can mar the eternal happiness of hearts bound by a Saviour's love to the unchanging throne of God.

Young wife, has the light of thy very existence been put out? Has the idol of thy soul been offered on his country's shrine? Has that warm heart that ever beat in unison with thine own, been pierced with a traitor's steel until its throbings are forever hushed? Still the wild tumult of thy grief and cast thy bleeding heart before the compassionate gaze of Calvary's offering, and follow on in patient

waiting until the door which thy loved one has "left ajar," shall be opened wide to receive you, and his own arm shall encircle you again. Let thy faith pierce beyond this cruel parting, for he has only gone home a little sooner than you. He has passed the way over which every foot must tread, and though you would have chosen to smooth his dying pillow and close those loving eyes, yet God called him for his country's salvation, and can you not bow in submission to that call, remembering that his crown of rejoicing at last will glisten with one gem surpassing all others in beauty—on it is written, a martyr for freedom.

Sister! has your childhood's companion, the sharer of your first innocent joys, and around whom cluster your first and dearest recollections, kissed you his last good-by? Did he say, "let me go, for my life is not mine if my country requires it?" Has he moaned out that young and beautiful life in a Southern hospital, longing and asking in vain for his sister's loving kiss and gentle hands to cool his fevered lip and brow? If so, comfort your agonized heart with the Saviour's words, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." If thy brother has entered there, it matters not now, how or where he left his tabernacle of clay, he has only put off his mortal robes, and gone home a little sooner than you. Draw near in your secret thoughts to the blood-washed throng, and contemplate their pure and endless joys, unmarred by sorrow or sin.

"Gird on thy armor. Dry up thy tears," and grasp with earnest faith and hope the unseen spirit-life, where broken ties shall be reunited and crushed hearts forever healed.

It is only as we loosen our tenacious grasp of earth and sense, and take God at His word, claiming each promise as our own, that we are strong for earth's sorrows, toils and conflicts, and can bear up and live on when the cold earth has covered all that was once so dear or amid a crushing weight of living, hidden grief that must never be imparted to human

hearts. Soon we shall all have passed on to our eternal home behind us, doubtless some will be left, stricken and crushed. In our preparation for that hour that comes to all, let us strive to leave behind us the shining light of a pure and spotless life that shall guide other feet to that home to which we have gone a little sooner than they.

EVA WELLES.

SONG FOR THE WEARY.

HEART, be still!
In the darkness of thy woe,
Bow thou silently and low;
Comes to thee whate'er God will—
Be thou still!

Be thou still!
Vainly all thy words are spoken,
Till the word of God hath broken
Life's dark mysteries, good or ill—
Be thou still!

Rest thou still!
'Tis thy Father's work of grace,
Wait thou yet before his face,
He thy sure deliverer will—
Keep thou still!

Lord, my God!
By Thy grace, O may I be
All submissive, silently,
To the chastening of Thy rod—
Lord, my God!

Shepherd, King!
From thy fullness grant to me
Still, yet fearless faith in Thee,
Till from night the day shall spring—
Shepherd, King!

WOMAN.

"MOST women have no character at all ;
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown or fair."

Pope.

THE sentiment contained in the first line, though extravagant, bears some semblance to truth. The remainder, I imagine, is more easily asserted than proved. But lest we be found, unhappily, to base our conclusions on the opinion of another, let us for a moment glance over the world, and see for ourselves what woman is. If we cast our eyes to far distant Asia, what do we behold in woman there, but a beast of burden, driven about by her husband with the cruel lash. Go to India, and what is woman there, but a slave to the more noble son of creation, as he fancies himself to be? Gaze for a moment on proud Europe, which has long boasted of her freedom and her literary and scientific institutions, and how is she regarded there? Surely, you will say, not as a slave? I answer, in most instances, not as a slave, but a toy, a play-thing, a frivolous being, fit only for the amusement of man, a devotee of pleasure, a votary of fashion and vanity. Nor need you tarry long there. No, even in our own favored land, over which freedom has long since unfurled her star-spangled banner, and erected the inscription, "All men are free and equal," the same state of things exists to a great extent. Place yourself as a spectator in

a street in one of our principal cities, or even in the more retired hamlet, and you will see oppressed beings arrayed in all the gaudy colors of the butterfly—yes, oppressed with the most cruel chains ever invented. She is even deprived of the portion of air allotted by her Creator. The god of fashion, more wise than the God of heaven, has invented a new model for a lady's form; and as his benevolent heart never leads him to point out a defect without providing a remedy, he has invented a machine, and woman, too devoted to have a will of her own, has submitted to its cruel tortures, and is now going through the painful operation of transformation. Do you wonder that she wears the marks of oppression, looks pale and emaciated, and needs the hues of the butterfly to supply her defect in personal appearance! Much of her time is spent in promenading the streets, going from store to store, and inquiring for goods of the newest fashion, for the purpose of exhibiting her person, saying, in every look and air, "Only see what a pretty being I am." Follow her to her place of abode; hear her speak of the new dress pattern just come from P.; the new-fashioned hats; the beautiful piece of furniture she just saw. If the head of a family, you will hear her sad moan on account of the difficulty of obtaining good domestics, &c. If unmarried, the topic of conversation will be about the pretty young man she saw the other evening; the awkward appearance of a certain young lady she saw at the party; the midnight visits of lovers, and the many matches that are constantly making in the place.

But the next inquiry that naturally arises in the mind is, how shall we account for her being in this sad condition? What rational cause can we assign for it? Shall we say, this is the nature of woman? To say that she came thus from the hands of her Creator, and that He at the same time pronounced her to have been made in His own image, would be an impeachment of His holy character, of which frail man should beware. Woman, light and frivolous as she is, is yet a social and sympathetic being. She still loves to rejoice with those who rejoice and to weep with those who weep; yet the desire to please and attract notice, often leads her astray; and these are often prominent motives impelling her to the course of conduct she pursues.

And here, for the purpose of illustration, permit me to state a fact which came under my own observation. A few years since, when I resided in one of our large cities, a Miss F., who was a young lady of surpassing beauty and superior accomplishments, arrived, and after a short residence in the city, attracted general notice, and produced a strong sensation in the fashionable circles of young men. Her time was principally consumed in walking up and down Main Street, making calls on the different merchants by the way. In every store she found some article which precisely suited her fancy, and she as often declared that were

it not for the fact that she had unfortunately forgotten her purse, she would make that article her own. A refusal to place it in her hands on almost any condition, and thus fail of gratifying her desire, was an act, the corresponding feeling to which could not be found in the benevolent heart of either merchant or clerk. As she passed to and fro every day, the corners of the street were thronged with young beaux, who gazed with admiration upon her symmetrical form and exquisitely-turned features, and her angelic appearance was often the occasion of sprightly conversation long after her disappearance. Miss F. knew well how to make the most profitable disposition of her time. Not unfrequently, at the hour of twilight, would she find herself, almost unconsciously, in one of the most public book-stores, and accidentally become so interested with some print or engraving, that the shades of evening would forbid her return without company, and induce one of her devotees to offer his services. The skill with which she played upon the piano-forte, accompanied by her sweet voice, enticed many to her parlor from the usual resorts of pleasure, and the hall and opposite side of the street were often filled with delighted auditors. But the scene soon changed. Miss F. left the city, and those whom she had cajoled made up their loss the best way they could.

Now who will question that the ruling motive in Miss F.'s conduct was a desire to please? The fact that she resorted to this means to supply her wants, is not at all opposed to this view of the subject. In truth, the genius of existing society, especially in large cities, is such, that inducements are held out to females, to pursue almost any course that will sustain them in their extravagance and folly; and very little encouragement is given them to rise above the frivolous round of fashionable pursuits which now consume most of their time.

Is it a matter of wonder that the females of our country have become so degenerate? The ordinary intercourse of society is diametrically opposed to her elevation in the scale of intellectual knowledge. Every one is familiar with the fact, that social conversation, as a general thing, is conducted very differently in a mixed assembly, from what it is in a company of gentlemen. As an illustration of this, who has not observed the readiness with which the conversation of intelligent men turns, on the appearance of a lady? No sooner does she enter the room, than, from the consideration of some philosophical or moral question, they descend to the senseless and frivolous chit-chat of children; and thus it continues till she retires.

The difference there is between the course pursued in the education of the sons and the daughters of a family, will account for the contrast that is exhibited in the development of the intellectual powers of the two sexes. A father, for instance, has several sons and daughters, who, at a suitable age, are sent to a com-

mon school. As soon as the minds of the sons become sufficiently matured, they are placed in an academy or college, and in the course of seven years their minds become thoroughly disciplined, and they are prepared for the active duties of life. On the contrary, the daughter is retained at home by her fond mother, who considers her too fair to labor, too delicate to study, and suffers her to spend the seven years which she ought to improve in preparing herself for the toils and responsibilities of maturer years, in reading novels and working laces. Under all these disadvantages, is it strange that females do not develop more intellectual power? The evil is radical, and can be remedied in only one way, and that is by giving young ladies the same facilities to study and improve their minds that young men have. It is no wonder that the female mind is considered inferior to that of the other sex, and that Pope should have said that she is composed of

"Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear."

Our last inquiry is: For what sphere was woman designed? Was she created as a mere appendage to man, or as an auxiliary to assist him in his onward and upward aspirations after holiness and knowledge? If we examine the Bible—that fountain of all knowledge—we shall find that the opinions of the present age are reversed. The Lord once said, "It is not good for man to be alone; I will make him an help-meet." Is it not then a sad perversion of His original design, to consider and treat females as mere toys or slaves? God made man in His own image and gave woman to him for a companion. She was intellectually and morally adapted for this endearing relation; and might have sustained the exalted station to this day, had not man interposed. The great object for which man was created was to glorify God his Creator, and finally to soar above this earth to brighter worlds on high, and enjoy His presence forever. Woman, the help-meet, the co-worker of man, was destined to enjoy the same exalted privileges. This, then, is the sphere of woman.

Now how may woman be fitted for that sphere? I answer, let her be regarded by all as a moral and an intellectual being; let her be addressed and treated by man as a being susceptible of thought; let her be thoroughly educated, physically, intellectually and morally. * * * * In short, let her enjoy the same means of improvement allotted to man; and when this is done, you will be rationally prepared to weigh her in the balance of real worth, and appreciate the following sentiment from a distinguished poet:

"Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms the softer man."

C. S.

REMARKABLE CASE OF BENEVOLENCE.

AMONG the encouraging incidents of Christian benevolence that have recently been made public, although some involve larger amounts

of money, few illustrate more strikingly the power of Christian principle, or the value of the widow's mite, than one which has recently transpired, and which I will briefly state.

Some fifteen years ago there might have been found in one of the Western States a pious servant girl, quiet and unobtrusive in her character, and a faithful member of the Methodist Church. She was constant in the observance of her religious duties, and a regular attendant on the means of grace, always dressing plainly, but with scrupulous neatness. About nine years ago, she had saved some three hundred dollars, which she desired to render in some way productive. Under good advice, she invested her little capital in a city lot, and disposed of her subsequent earnings in a similar way, not omitting to give liberally to the support of the gospel, and in response to other benevolent calls of the Church.

The person mentioned is still living, but is now a widow and childless. Her property has risen in value, so that it now produces a handsome income, and promises still greater increase. Her income is regularly invested in deeds of charity and benevolence; but not content with this, she wishes to devote the principal to a similar use.

Although in excellent health, and having fair prospects of many years, she recently desired to set her temporal affairs in order, as she had her spiritual, so as to be fully ready for the summons of her Divine Master. To this end she desired her will to be prepared. Her chief anxiety was to dispose of what the Lord had given her in such a manner as to accomplish the greatest amount of good. She desired, if it could be done, to devote the principal part of her means to aid the poor widows. Her wishes were complied with by the attorney who drew up her will, so that after providing for the maintenance of her father during his lifetime, and bequeathing several sums to relations, she devoted all the residue of her property to benevolent purposes, and the principle part of it to the aid of indigent widows, members of the Methodist Church.

What an instructive and worthy example! Here is an humble servant girl, unknown beyond the narrow circle of her associates, by her industry, economy, and liberality, providing for the necessities of pious but sorrow-stricken and disconsolate widows.

To the Christian it is not difficult to perceive the blessed Saviour, through her, providing for the redemption of His own promise to the widow who puts her whole trust in Him, and securing to her the grateful blessings of these bereaved ones whom Christ so tenderly regards. Indeed, to any reflecting mind, there is something beautiful and touching, as well eminently instructive, in this pious example. Who shall not say henceforth that the Lord indeed "exalteth the humble?"

Who would not rather have the crown of glory in reserve for this lowly but faithful

disciple, than all the pomp and fashion of this world, though they could endure forever!—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

MODERN DOMESTIC SERVICE.

OF all the difficulties which are in the way of attaining the grand result of having one's daily life pass pleasantly, and without too great temptation to ill humor, none seems to be so great as the want of good servants. This very important class have become very much deteriorated in the last few years. It is now almost impossible to find one, either man or woman, who has been in a family long enough to become identified with the members of it, and who in their old age have a just and acknowledged claim upon their employers for the attention which they require. The better class of women, from whom, formerly, servants were taken, now are otherwise employed. Our excellent system of public schools has so thoroughly popularized education, that the situation of a house servant is looked upon with contempt, and many women prefer to starve in garrets on the pittance they can gain by shop work, rather than enter any household in the capacity of a servant. This is undoubtedly in part the fault of the mistresses. There is too much of the feeling that our servants are a class separate from us. We forget too often that they are like us in feeling and passions, that they love and hate as we do, grieve and rejoice like ourselves. We forget that they can be weary and ill, and are flesh and blood as well as our children, over whom we have the same power, but towards whom we exercise it so differently. It is sad for mistress and sad for the servant to live without a word of sympathy, to govern, with no kindly feelings to mitigate the often necessary harshness of command, and to serve with no affection to make the burden of labor light.

If ladies would learn themselves to do the work which they require from their servants, and so have some appreciation of the amount of labor which is required, and in cooking, of the difficulty of always having every dish perfect, they would have more patience and less trial of temper, and consequently would gain much more respect from those whom they employ. It is very natural to feel a little superiority when we know that we can do anything much better than the persons who surround us; and a cook will listen much more meekly to directions from a mistress that she knows can excel, or, at least, equal her in her own profession. The house—housekeeping—is woman's vocation and however eloquent the voice that calls her from it, nature's voice, far sweeter and yet more powerful, woos her to it.

There cannot, therefore, be any degradation in practically understanding its details, but rather this knowledge is an honor, and its neglect the disgrace. We cannot expect women who are educated, as every woman in the United States can be, to do work with

pleasure which they know is looked upon as degrading by the persons who employ them.

This is not said from want of sympathy with mistresses, but because they are the more reasonable class, and consequently the more open to improvement. To have poor servants, those who have no interest but to gain their own ends, who do not care to give the service faithfully, but only that the wages should be paid punctually, who look upon their employers as their natural enemies, is a serious trial. The complaint is often made, and justly, that servants now demand references, rather than give them, that their stipulations for securing their own comfort are urged as strenuously as though they conferred, rather than received, a favor in accepting the place. Indeed they have an idea that they are more important to us than we to them. They think that they could gain their living in some other way, but they forget that most of the trades to which they would resort are the products of the very civilization and luxury which render them necessary to us. If we lived as the Indians do, each man pounding with his own hands the necessary food for his family, and every wife attending to her own household, the trades which now afford such a maintenance to thousands would disappear altogether. If servants but realized how much they gained in real culture and refinement by constantly associating, as they do, with those above them, they would appreciate the privilege of entering a lady's house, and would, in increasing their own self-respect, elevate their class. This is necessary to make good servants. There must be a respect felt for their occupation. Employers should interest themselves in their servants, become acquainted with them, making them in one sense their friends, and we might hope to have good, faithful and intelligent servants. But while the position is looked upon as degrading, when there is only exaction of labor on one side, and eye-service on the other, no one can hope to have any thing but trouble in this social relation.—*Journal of the Home.*

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight ;
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.

Our army clusters strong and fierce ;
Their chief of demon-form ;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force,
Is but a little band ;

Yet there, with an unyielding front,
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is a God-like form,
Of countenance serene ;
And glowing on his naked breast,
A simple cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to a wondrous sign,
And gazing at it, all receive,
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm ;
In every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toils is quite forgot :
The plain where carnage once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathes the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

WALKS ABOUT GREENWOOD.

VERY near the "Italian temple" and visible from it, is a monument erected to the memory of a "Mrs. Robinson," the daughter of "Mr. Kitchen," of Brooklyn, L. I. The simplicity of the design and the perfect accord of every arrangement of the lot with the monument, is very tasteful and beautiful. A hedge of green surrounds a circle, and a gate of rustic construction in stone, to imitate the rough body of a tree, shuts us out from the enclosure. In the centre of the lot are rough-hewn granite stones, upheaved irregularly, to form a pedestal for a cross, which is a perfect representation of the trunk of a tree, being round in form instead of flat like the usual fashion of this symbol. A vine of ivy, skillfully carved, entwines the cross, and slabs of white marble, of uneven shape, are inserted in the four sides of the broken, rocky pedestal, for inscriptions. A rude chair and one or two shrubs, apparently chosen with reference to their rusticity, are in perfect keeping with the rest of this unique design, which impresses me more pleasantly than anything I have ever seen in the "city of the dead." It is not possible for a thoughtful person to stand by this simple cross, with the consciousness of the moldering remains beneath, and not go back to that Golgotha where the God-man gave Himself unto death that we might live.

The memory of Calvary comes to us with a vividness that is seldom experienced elsewhere and almost impels us to clasp the consecrated image, as if the Redeemer of mankind still hung thereon. We seem to see the mocking crowd of unbelieving Jews, the Roman soldiery, the stern, unsympathizing faces of the impious mob. We shudder at the words of blasphemy

cast at the meek Sufferer, and creep nearer His sacred feet with the three weeping Marys; that, at the least, His shadow may fall upon and bless us. We catch at His holy utterances as they issue from His dying lips, and as the great tragedy is finished, and all nature is rent with convulsive throes, we smite upon our breasts with the astonished people, and cry aloud, with the convinced centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God!" A contemplation of the Cross of Christ and of the precious redemption wrought thereon for "us, miserable sinners, who lay in darkness and the shadow of death," is full of sweet comfort to the mourner, whose every hope rests in this wondrous sacrifice.

Under every weight of sorrow that burdens us, we can look up to Him who endured a greater suffering, and who is thus "able to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." However we may be crushed by our griefs, we can remember that Jesus bowed 'neath the cumbrous cross, that He might relieve us of the unendurable penalty of our sins. Whenever we are cast down and depressed, we can think of Him who was "lifted up that He might draw all men unto Himself; and with these cords, as of a man," impelling us towards this divine source of all blessedness and joy, shall not our tears be wiped away and our every sorrow be turned into gladness? Jesus, help us so to contemplate "this offering of Thyself once crucified for us," that we may be "partakers of all the benefits procured unto us by the same." Let even the outward symbols of a great and saving truth be teachers and sermons unto us! Let "the very stones cry out" in testimony of a Saviour's love and a Saviour's sacrifice!

F. I. BURGE SMITH.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

WHERE IS HIS SOUL?

His body lies still and cold within the magnificent coffin whose silver mountings are seen through the windows of the rich hearse that bears him to his last resting place; but where is his soul? His silent form is borne along by noble steeds whose prancings he, in buoyant life, would have delighted to guide; but the hand is nerveless which would have curbed their proud, dashing spirit. His worn frame is arrayed in clothing of the most delicate texture, and covered with flowers whose sweetness filled the air around, until shut in by the sacred lid which hid from view all that was dear and lovely of the departed; but where is his soul?

I never saw him—I see now only the pomp, the funeral pageant prepared by friends as a last offering of honor and love. Yes, I see more! I look beyond this little, ever-changing, rolling spot of earth, and behold the All-wise, All-holy, All-just Judge dispensing both mercy and justice on every side. I see the All-glorious Trinne God—Father, Son and Spirit, Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier, in perfect unity of purpose, judging the departed, and I know that the soul of this young man, and thine, reader, and mine, will be righteously dealt with, as each returns to the God who gave it.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

FEMALE CONVICTS IN FRANCE.

THE treatment of female criminals in France is deplorable on account of their exposure and the wretched condition of the branch prisons, in which most are confined. The number of female convicts is small compared with that of men—"a remarkable fact," says Madame Mallet, "seeing that women earn much less than men, and are, therefore, more tempted by poverty." And when we read her examination into the causes of these crimes, we find that as crimes the number is greatly diminished. Her view of reform for prisoners is admirable. Her remedy is to tear down the walls, and to let in fresh air and sunshine; for light moralizes. Another remedy is labor, under very different conditions—severe, but somewhat varied, and enlivened with music. (This plan has been successful in Paris, through the liberality of some Protestant ladies.) Imprisoned women are crazy for music, it soothes them, restores their moral equilibrium and calms their heartburnings. Leon Foucher has wisely said that prisoners from the country, men and women, should be put to field labor, not immured within horrible walls, which are only consumption factories. Yes, set the peasant to tilling the earth again, in Algeria, at least. I could add that even the working woman can be very profitably colonized under a semi-agricultural system, where several hours in the day she might do a little gardening, which would contribute to her support. Madame Mallet remarks that, "In general, passionate women, who, excited by rage and jealousy, have committed a criminal act, are not at all depraved. Place them where they may healthily expend their energy and they would concentrate it in love and a family, and become the veriest lambs of gentleness. And those martyrs who have yielded to wrong from filial piety or maternal love—who will believe them irremediable? Even the truly guilty, if they are sent out of Europe and placed under a new sky, in a land which knows nothing of their faults—if they feel that society, though a mother that punishes, is still a mother—if they see, at the end of their trial, forgetfulness of the past, and love perhaps, their hearts will swell and in their abundant tears they will be purified. The silence imposed upon them in the central prison is torture to the woman—many become insane from it."

BODILY CARRIAGE.

INSTEAD of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission; all that is necessary to secure the object is to *hold up the head and move on!* letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eye

directed to things a little higher than your own head. In this way you walk properly, pleasurable, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness. If any one wishes to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist. Englishmen are admired the world over for their full chests, and broad shoulders, and sturdy frames, and manly bearing. This position of body is a favorite with them, in the simple promenade in the garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, in standing on the street, or in public worship.

Many persons spend a large part of their waking existence in the sitting position. A single rule, well attended to, in this connection, would be of incalculable value to multitudes—use chairs with the old-fashioned straight backs, a little inclining backwards, and sit with the lower portion of the body close against the back of the chair at the seat; any one who tries it, will observe in a moment a grateful support to the whole spine. And we see no reason why children should not be taught from the beginning to write, and sew, and knit, in a position requiring the lower portion of the body and the shoulders to touch the back of the chair all the time.

A very common position in sitting, especially among men, is with the shoulders against the chair-back with a space of several inches between the chair-back and the lower portion of the spine, giving the body the shape of a half hoop; it is the instantaneous, instinctive, and almost universal position assumed by any consumptive on sitting down, unless counteracted by an effort of the will; hence parents should regard such a position in their children with apprehension, and should rectify it at once.

The best position after eating a regular meal is, to have the hands behind the back, the head erect, in moderate locomotion, and in the open air, if the weather is not chilly. Half an hour spent in this way after meals, at least after breakfast and dinner, would add health and length of days to woman in easy life, and in all sedentary men. It is a thought which richly merits attention. As to the habit which many men have of sitting during prayer, in forms of worship not requiring it, with the elbows extended along the back of the pew, and forehead resting on the arms, we will only say in passing, that besides being physiologically unwise and hurtful, it is socially an uncourteous and indecent position, while in a religious point of view it is an unpardonable irreverence; a position which no man with the feelings of a gentleman, unless an invalid, can possibly assume, and we wonder that it is a practice of such general prevalence. It is a position which we venture to affirm, is in almost every instance the dictate of bodily laziness or religious sleepiness or indifference.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

STEPS TO RUIN.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

Or all the woe, want and wretchedness, which awakens our compassion; of all the scenes of misery which call loudly for sympathy, there is none so harrows up the feelings as the drunkard's home! Look at him who began life with the love of friends, the admiration of society, the prospect of extensive usefulness; look at him in after years, when he has learned to love the draught, which, we shudder while we say it, reduces him to the level of the brute. Where is now his usefulness! Where the admiration, where the love that once was his? Love! none but the love of a wife, or a child, can cling to him in his degradation. Look at the woman, who when she repeated "for better or for worse," would have shrunk with terror had the faintest shadow of the "worse" fallen upon her young heart. Is that she, who on her bridal day was adorned with such neatness and taste? Ah me, what a sad change! And the children, for whom he thanked God at their birth; the little ones of whom he had been so proud, whom he had dandled upon his knee, and taught to lisp the endearing name of father—see them trembling before him and endeavoring to escape his violence. Look at the empty basket and the full bottle; the natural wants of the body denied, to satisfy the unnatural cravings of a depraved appetite.

O God, have pity upon the drunkard's home!

We, too, have a tale to tell, which it pains us to acknowledge, contains more "truth than fiction." James Boynton was the first-born of his parents, and a proud and happy mother was Mrs. Boynton, when her friends gathered round her to look at her pretty babe. Carefully was he tended, and all his infantile, winning ways were treasured as so many proofs of his powers of endearment.

In wisdom has the Almighty hidden the deep secrets of futurity from mortal men. When the mother first folds her infant to her heart, could she look through the long vista of years, and see the suffering, the sin, the shame, which may be the portion of her child, would she not ask God in mercy to take the infant to Himself! Would she not unrepiningly, nay, thankfully bear all the agony of seeing her little one, with straightened limbs, and folded hands, and shrouded form, carried to the baby-grave? And yet, not one of all the thousands who are steeped in wickedness and crime, but a mother's heart has gladdened when the soft eye first looked into hers, and the soft cheek first nestled to her own. And, still more awful thought! not one of all these Pariahs of society but has an immortal soul, to save which, the Son of God left His glory and agonized upon the cross!

James grew up a warm-hearted boy and among his young companions he was a universal favorite. "Jim Boynton is too good-natured

to refuse anything we ask," said Ned Granger one day to a school-fellow, who feared that James would not join a party of rather doubtful character, which was forming for what they called a frolic. And this was the truth. Here lay the secret of Boynton's weakness—he was too good natured: for this very desirable and truly amiable quality, unless united with firmness of character, is often productive of evil. But we pass over his boyish life, and look at him in early manhood.

He has a fine figure, with a handsome, intelligent countenance, and his manners have received their tone and polish from a free intercourse in refined circles. He passed his college examination with credit to himself; but, from sheer indecision of character, hesitated in choosing a profession. At this time, an uncle, who resided in a distant State, was about retiring from mercantile life, and he proposed that James should enter with him as a junior partner, while he would remain for a year or two to give his nephew the benefit of his experience. The business was a lucrative one, and the proposal was accepted.

James left his home and went to try his fortunes amid new scenes and new temptations. His uncle received him warmly, for the old man had no children of his own, and James was his god-child. His uncle's position in society, and his own frank and gentlemanly demeanor, won him ready access to the hospitality of many friends, and it was not long before he fell in love with a pretty orphan girl, whom he often met at the house of a common acquaintance. That the girl was portionless, was no demerit in his uncle's eye. Not all his treasures, and they were large, had choked the avenues to the old man's heart, and the young people were made happy by his approval of their union.

After a visit to his friends at the North, James returned with his bride; and in a modern house, furnished with every luxury, the happy pair began their life. And now, who so blest as Boynton? Three years passed away, and two children make their home still brighter. Does no one see the cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," upon the verge of the moral horizon.

Boynton's dislike to say, "No," when asked to join a few male friends, at dinner or on a party of pleasure; his very good nature, which made him so desirable a companion, were the means of leading him in the steps to ruin.

"Come, Boynton, another glass."

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, I have really taken too much already."

"Nonsense? it's the parting glass, you *must* take it."

And Boynton wanting the firmness of character, yielded to the voice of the tempter. Need we say, that, with indulgence, the love for the poison was strengthened?

For a while the unfortunate man strove to keep up appearances. He was never seen during the day in a state of intoxication; and

from a doze on the sofa in the evening, or a heavy lethargic sleep all night, he could awake to converse with his friends, or attend to his counting room, without his secret habit being at all suspected.

But who that willingly dallies with temptation can foretell the end? Who can lay the "flattering unction to his soul," that in a downward path he could stop when he pleases, and unharmed retrace his steps? Like the moth circling nearer and still nearer the flame, until it falls with scorched wings a victim to its own timidity, so will the pinions of the soul be left scathed and drooping.

Soon Boynton began to neglect his business, and was secretly pointed out as a man of intemperate habits. At last he was shunned, shaken off, by the very men who led him astray. Who were most guilty? Let Heaven judge.

Here let us pause, and ask why it is, that so many look upon a fellow-being verging to the brink of ruin, without speaking one persuasive word, or doing one kindly act, to win him back to virtue? Why is it, that, when fallen, they are thrust still farther down by taunting and contempt? Oh, such was not the spirit of Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Such was not the spirit of Him who said, "neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." How often, instead of throwing the mantle of charity over a brother's sin, instead of telling him his fault "between him and thee alone," it is bared to the light of the day, trumpeted to a cold and censure-loving world, until the victim either sinks into gloomy despondency, and believes it hopeless for him to attempt amendment, or else stands forth in bold defiance, and rushes headlong to his ruin. Not one human being stands so perfect in his isolation, as to be wholly unmoved by contact with his fellows; what need, then, for the daily exercise of that God-like charity which "suffereth long and is kind," which "rejoiceth not in iniquity," which "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Several years have gone with their records to eternity—where is James Boynton now?

In one room of a miserable, dilapidated tenement, inhabited by many unfortunate victims of poverty and vice, lives he who on his wedding day had entered a home which taste and luxury rendered enviable. Squalor and discomfort are on every side. His four children are pale and sickly, from want of proper food and close confinement in that deleterious atmosphere. They have learned to hide away when they hear their father's footsteps, for, alas! to his own, he is no longer the good-natured man. Fallen in his own esteem, frequently the subject of ribald mirth, his passions have become inflamed, and he vents his ill-humor on his defenseless family. He no longer makes even a show of doing something for their support; and, to keep from starving, his wife works whenever, wherever, and at whatever she can find employment.

A few years more, and where is Boynton? Tremble ye, whom God has made to be the protectors, the guides, the counselors of women, ye have vowed to love and cherish! Mrs. Boynton, like her husband, has fallen! In an evil hour, harassed by want, ill-used by her husband, she tasted the fatal cup. It produced temporary forgetfulness, from which she awoke to a sense of shame and anguish. Ah, she had no mother, no sister, no woman-friend who truly cared for her, to warn, to plead, to admonish. Again was she tempted, again she tasted, and that squalid home was rendered tenfold more wretched by the absence of all attempt at order. However great may be the sorrow and distress occasioned by a man's love for strong drink, it is not to be compared to the deep wretchedness produced by the same cause in woman; and it is a matter for thankfulness, that so few men drag down their wives with them in their fall.

Providence raised up a friend who took the barefooted children of the Boyntons from being daily witnesses of the evil habits of their parents; and so dulled were all the finer feelings of his nature, that James Boynton parted from them without a struggle.

Like the Lacedemonians of old, who exposed the vice to render it hateful in the eyes of the beholders, we might give other and more harrowing scenes from real life, but let this one suffice. Thank God for the change which public opinion has already wrought! Thank God for the efforts which have been made to stay the moral pestilence! Oh, it is fearful to think how many homes have been made desolate,—how many hearts have been broken—how many minds have been ruined—how many lofty intellects have been humbled! It is fearful to think of the madness—the crime—the awful death which follow in the steps to ruin!

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"LITTLE DROPS OF WATER."

ELIZA H. had gone to visit her aunt in Connecticut, who had lately adopted one of the Home children from New York. It was her first visit without the company of her mother. About a week after her arrival she wrote to her mother; perhaps her letter may interest some little "Advocate" readers, and induce them "to go and do likewise." Here it is:

Dear Mother,—I am having such a nice time here, and like my new cousin very much. It seems pleasanter than when I was here with you; Emma is such a dear little girl, almost a year younger than I am, she was ten last month. I like to read the *Advocate* that tells about the Home in N. Y. Emma used to live there, we are piecing a quilt for the Dorcas-room; it is nearly done and Mrs. L. has promised to quilt it for

us on her machine, Emma always puts half of the money she gets into the "Home Bank," as she calls it, there are three dollars in it now; we are going to the store with aunt this afternoon, to spend it for some dresses and aprons, which Emma wants me to help her choose, then we shall be very busy making them for the Home children. Aunt cuts and bastes the work for us, but we are going to try and do every stitch of it ourselves, she calls us her "sewing machines," and says she would not be willing to change for any others in the country. Uncle Charles gave us quite a package of candy, I must bring a little home for my pet Sarah; the rest we are going to put in the apron pockets we are making, as a treat for the dear little children that don't often get any, I don't think I shall buy any more for myself, because I feel happier in trying to do a little good. Aunt says she thinks you will let H. and me do something for the Home next winter, I wish I was old enough to earn some money to send them; Emma told me a way a little friend of hers does, I think it would be a good plan for Hattie and me, to deny ourselves butter, sugar, or tea and coffee, for three or six months, and then have Pa give us the money that would be saved by our going without. Aunt says if you can spare me a month longer, she and E. will go home with me, and she has promised to stop in N. Y. on the way, that we may have the pleasure of carrying the Home children their presents ourselves. Please write soon and tell me I may stay, I have not been homesick, but want to see you all, I shall have plenty of new stories to tell the children. Tell W. not to forget to feed the rabbit. I send a kiss to baby. Your loving daughter, ELIZA.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY KATE CAMERON.

My dear children, not at the Home; but at your own pleasant sunny fire-sides throughout our country, I want to talk a little to you to-day, and the autumn afternoons are so very short that you will please gather quickly and quietly around my chair, and let me tell you, in as few words as possible, what is in my mind.

Well, then, I want to make you all promise to do something for the Home for the Friendless; the one about which you read in the *Advocate and Guardian*, and where, you know, so many poor, homeless little ones are gathered, and fed, and clothed, and taught, and thus kept from the many dangers and curses of poverty and crime. It is a blessed work, a great and noble undertaking, but like everything else in this paying world, it costs a great deal of money to carry it on. Now you know all about the dreadful war which is going on in our land; many of you doubtless, have bidden good-bye to your fathers or brothers or friends, and have seen them go away, strong and fearless

to fight those terrible battles, where so many precious lives are lost. Some of you may have seen those same dear faces come home cold and white, and dead; or have heard that those loved forms were lying in distant graves, or tossing through weary hours in the hospital wards. This same war, so sad, so bloody, also costs an immense amount of money; and then benevolent people give a great deal for the relief and comfort of these poor sick and wounded soldiers. Many, who never opened their purse-strings before, in any charitable cause, are doing what they can for these brave men. This all takes money, and what is often as precious, time. Do you not see there is some danger that people with so much to do, will forget the wants of long-established institutions; that the Home, for instance, may be neglected?

Now I want you, dear children, to do something for this. It is just the right time of year, when a bountiful harvest has rewarded the labors of the farmer, when grain and fruit has been gathered in abundance, we surely ought to remember those, who like the ravens, "neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn." Shall we let them suffer, or leave to others the work which we might do ourselves? It may be only a little that you can each give; a bright dime, or a hoarded quarter, may be all that you can really call your own, and there is surely no virtue in giving what is not ours; though it is both right and praiseworthy to persuade others to give; but you can all either earn some money, or make some article which shall bring its equivalent in money, and give the one or the other to the good work. And let me tell you a little secret; that people often pay more than a thing is really worth when the proceeds are to be devoted to some such cause. So, if you send a few neatly-made pincushions or needle-books or tidies for the "Home Bazaar," it is very likely they may be sold for much more than either the materials or the time spent in their manufacture cost you. Will you not try the experiment? If every child who reads this paper were to resolve (and of course they wouldn't break a good resolution, for the world!) to send either a dollar, or what would sell for a dollar to the Home, before Christmas, don't you think the little children there would stand a good chance of having a "Merry Christmas," and a "Happy New-Year?" all the more so, because the means were contributed by those of their own age. Some of you, perhaps, are not skilled in "fancy-work;" try as hard as you might, you couldn't make a pretty needle-book, or a handsome mat, and yet in plain sewing you do extremely well, can sew over and over, hem and fell, almost as well as your mother; if this is the case, there are two things which you might do, either make some garment for a child of your own size and send it for one of those little girls to wear, or else let your friends hire you to do some of the family sewing, with the agreement that the money is to be devoted to this

object. I do not believe in children being hired to do everything; it always seems a pity when the first free-will feelings of a child's heart are crushed out by this mercenary spirit, and you can get no favor done unless you offer a reward for it, but this is a different matter, and I think your parents will be willing to encourage you in your efforts to do good.

But the boys—bless their warm, generous hearts!—will say "all this is meant for the girls, we can't sew or knit, and so what shall we send for the little boys whom we know they have at the Home, and who like good food to eat, and warm clothes to wear, and nice books to read as well as we do?" No, my noble lads, you shall not be forgotten. We don't believe enough in "woman's rights," to thrust you one side, and not let you help us. Indeed, we shall not be surprised if you earn a dollar so soon that you'll have time to double the amount before your sisters have taken half the needful stitches.

Well, then, if you have the good fortune to be a farmer's son, or to live in the country anyway, there are many things you can do at this busy time of year, work for which you can easily get good pay. And if you don't live too far away from New York city, you can send some of the products of your garden or field—if you should happen to work "on shares"—right to the Home table. A barrel of potatoes or meal—on which, you would, of course, pay the freight—wouldn't come amiss any day, and after the weather becomes cold, I think a pair of fat chickens or turkeys from your poultry-yard would not be refused, if they were sent fresh and well packed. Then, you can gather nuts, great, brown chesnuts, or white hickory nuts, or sweet beechnuts, or rich butternuts and either send them to those poor little boys and girls who have no woods to go to, where they can pick them up for themselves, or else you can get for them a good market-price, and send on the money. (I think I should like the nuts best!)

And perhaps whether living in country or city, you have a set of tools, and know how to use them; then you might make picture-frames and baskets and brackets and such things, which when nicely covered with cones and nuts, and corn and beans, and all varnished are extremely pretty, and would be in good demand at the Bazaar.

Oh! I almost begin to wish, in thinking of it, that I had the hope of arriving at man's estate, someday, instead of always doing woman's work, their is so much they can do, and they get such good pay for it. But, boys and girls, remember, you can all do something, even if it is not worth a dollar; a trifle from you all would amount to quite a large sum; and yet the blessing bestowed by our Saviour upon one of old was not she hath done a little, but "she hath done what she could," and if you would "go and do likewise," you would prove the truth of those other sweet words of the Lord Jesus

Christ, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, dear children, promise me that you will at least think of this plan, and if I can aid you in carrying it out it will afford me great pleasure to do so. Meanwhile let us part good friends. Good-by!

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE WORK OF LITTLE HANDS.

In this time of great necessity, when all the grown up people are sacrificing themselves in some way for their country, what can the little hands do to help?

Two or three evenings since, there came to Dr. B., one of the surgeons in the "Long Island College Hospital," a note containing a five dollar bill, which three little girls had earned for the sick and wounded soldiers. They had made a few fancy articles, and begged some confectionery, which they disposed of at a small Fair, gotten up wholly by themselves. At the city hospital I learned that eight dollars had been gathered in the same way, by other children, and presented to the invalid soldiers, and I know of many little hands that have worked diligently to prepare boxes of lint, and bandages, for the poor, wounded limbs.

There is something very touching in the little children giving up their merry play, and caring for the strong men that are hurt in the dreadful strife that is raging. Nothing stirs the soldier's heart like the consciousness that he is not forgotten at home even by the youngest member of the family. He lies down on the hard ground at night, and as he looks through his tent door up to the starry heavens, he is cheered by the remembrance of little Sally, who, with bended knee and clasped hands, and eyes raised to the same glorious sky, asks God's blessing upon the absent one. In the day he sees in imagination, his little daughter or sister, pulling the thread from the old linen, and laying it in even bunches, for the surgeons, and if by-and-by, an ugly ball tears his flesh and splinters his bone, and lint and bandages come to his own personal use, he thinks, "perhaps these very comforts were prepared by the identical little hands that have twined lovingly about my neck in the sweet days at home when we dreamed not of the fierce battles to disturb our peace." Or it may be that little Jamie wrought upon by the sight of the wounded and limping ones who have returned from the fight, maimed and crippled for life, leaves the enticements of ball, and hoop, leap-frog, and tag, and sitting down thoughtfully with his sister, works with his might for the army.

We are all interested in the strife that is going on. If the little people lose the heritage bequeathed them by the Revolutionary fathers, we care not to penetrate their future. They cannot, in their tender age, appreciate the blessings that are now threatened; but in the years that are to come, if this rebellion is put down, and the Union restored to its integrity, they will look back with grati-

tude to the crisis in which they, too, have had a hand, and will bless with earnest hearts the brave men who spared not their own lives that they might preserve to their posterity the goodly heritage once before purchased at the price of blood. Set the little children to work. Let them feel that they have something to do in the struggle, all the better that their part is to minister instead of to wound, to pour in balm and oil, and to take care of their brother who falleth by the way-side. But give them something to do, something that will instil into them principles of patriotism so deep, so true, so holy, that when they shall grow up to be statesmen there shall be no fear of a repetition of this poison and treason that is threatening the nation's life. Set the little hands to work.

SISTER WINNIE.

OPPRESSION SHALL NOT ALWAYS REIGN.

OPPRESSION shall not always reign,
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant sway.

Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, in bright array,
The host of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?

What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?

What soul shall dare the stout and strong,
Restore the ancient scar,
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?

The hour of triumph comes apace,
That fated, promised hour,
When earth, upon a ransomed race,
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.

Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell,
On high thy banner soar,
Let trump on trump the triumph swell,
Of heaven's redeeming power.

H. WANE.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"HE LOVES, AND I TRUST."

How prudent it was in Col. Thompson to insure his life last year before going to war, for five thousand dollars, for the benefit of his wife and children. Now that he has been killed in battle, they are well provided for, they have something to trust to in adversity.

My uncle Bangs is a prudent man, and investing his large fortune in steamships, has well insured them, even at such high rates as in war times. So, when the other day the disastrous news arrived of the loss of a steamer on the Atlantic, all he had to do was to comfortably button up his coat, step into the insurance-office, see the underwriters, claim his money, and it was paid promptly.

Now can you believe that the colored woman who was just dying (closing a life of toil) and said with icy lips, "He loves and I trust," had a better insurance than a large policy in the Sun or Mutual Companies? Why, she was

launching away alone on a wide sea, all unknown. "Yes," replies Mrs. Martin to my question, "I think I could trust for my eternal salvation, but I find it difficult to believe God cares for the daily minutiae of life." Now this terrible winter of war and scarcity approaches. How shall I provide James with a warm overcoat, or how, when cotton-cloth is so high, am I to furnish clothes for the family? Can such questions of domestic economy interest our Father in heaven, in the same proportion as the receiving a saint home to glory?

Let us beware, dear Eliza, of limiting the gracious providence of God. The same Hand that lays these burdens upon you will surely carry you through all the vicissitudes of life. Last fall I saw a few tears of distrust and unhappiness in your eyes, when all your plans proved abortive and you saw no relief, and yet how sweetly God cared for you through all the cold. Can you not securely point to past help as an earnest of the future? Our neighbor has given us all a sad lesson that we should do well to heed. "Such a hard-working man," cried every one. Made his money slowly, sat up late in his shop, so anxious about his business; oppressed with fears of want and poverty. He was little prepared for these times of actual loss. I have noticed that grumblers, who are always anticipating evil, are no better prepared for it when it occurs. He had no eternal insurance, went about moody and dejected, until one morning this week he rose before the sun and entered the shop. There lay his tools, where he had used them for so many years; all around hung the products of his industry. At home his happy family were preparing breakfast. Ah! why did he not take up his tools and find the old Latin proverb true that, "labor conquers all things." He saw a strap lying at his elbow, a hook was near, it would bear his weight, and so he shipwrecked life and "rushed on fate," and found a long eternity. What sorrow can be greater than to see that father brought home dead, and by his own act? As long as I live I shall remember the words of that old colored woman, and would like to have them inscribed on my humble stone, "He loves and I trust." "We may compare," says a wise man, "our troubles in this life to a bundle of fagots too large for us to lift at once. But God mercifully unties the bundle, giving us one stick to carry to-day and another to-morrow. This we could easily manage, but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day and adding to-morrow's burdens to our load before we are required to bear it."

I. A. G.

NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE.

PAIN's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper—as God will,
And in His hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so,
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper—as God will,
And at His heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow,
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow,
And yet I whisper—as God will,
And in His mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come—and will to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say trusting—as God will,
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,
Afflictions glowing fiery brand;
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master's hand;
So I say praying—as God will,
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

Selected.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, NOV. 15, 1862.

OUR ANNUAL DONATION VISIT.

THE Annual Donation Visit at the Home, 32 East 30th St., has been appointed on Thursday, Nov. 27th. Friends and patrons are cordially invited to be present between the hours of 3 and 8 o'clock P. M. Exercises by the children in the Home Chapel will be interspersed with addresses by clergymen and others present, and the occasion made one of interest. We hope to see many familiar faces, and as many strangers as friends can induce to come.

May it not do us all good on this day of pleasant reminiscences, to meet again where sorrowing childhood, with its trusting faith, is made happy by kindly offerings. Let none be deterred from coming because they may have less to bestow than in former years. Their mite may be among the richest gifts.

Our friends in the rural districts, whose crops have been abundant, will not forget the needy. Vegetables, dried fruits, or garments, made or unmade, will aid in furnishing the much-needed supplies for the coming winter, and "free-will offerings" of any sort that can be applied to the work will be most gratefully appreciated. Pastors of churches will confer a special favor by bespeaking for our Institution a remembrance in the usual collections by their congregations on Thanksgiving Day.

THE BOOK FOR THE TIMES.

A DAY of clouds and darkness still lingers in our beloved land. Unlooked for reverses have come all abroad. Earthly expectations are changed. Hopes the most ardent are blasted. In multitudes of cases this is true, and those who may be personally exempt from a present fiery ordeal, find abundant occasion for the exercise of all their sympathies in behalf of others. As we look around, on every side are bereaved wives, and weeping children, or stricken parents and households. At a little distance are vast armies, encamped, or marching on, and hospitals full of the sick and wounded, representing every section of our country, each and all missed at home, not a few to be missed permanently.

Who can gauge the sum of anxious thought, going forth daily after friends and kindred, and more than all, for our imperilled suffering country. In view of these varied interests, and the great issues pending in the future, the consciousness of individual impotence and helplessness oppresses the spirits, and but for the word of God, we might turn and turn and find no ray. In this book of books we find counsel suited to every emergency, a solace for every affliction, promises, firm as the everlasting hills, that flash with resplendent light athwart the gloom by which we are surrounded. Would we know the cause and the remedy of all our troubles, here we may find both. Would we learn our personal dependence and available resources, 'tis here between these lids the knowledge lies, and this fountain of wisdom is ever accessible alike to all. It is a mine of countless and imperishable wealth, best developed amid affliction and suffering; so in every age and clime the race of man have found it. Shall we not as a people, begin to study and prize it more than in any former years? Shall we not make it more entirely the man of our counsel? Will not those who have hitherto neglected this Heavenly gift, be persuaded in these dark hours, to make it their study, read it daily and prayerfully, and open the heart to the voice of love and mercy pervading all its teachings. Learn from it that "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Let each and all give to it the practical influence it should have as man's guide and chart, and instead of abounding wickedness, should we not soon come to possess that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

—
I WILL meditate on Thy statutes.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father."—*Bible*.

THE sentiment expressed by the poet is often a solace when thinking of the loved and absent.

"Holy angels in their flight
Traverse over earth and sky,
Acts of kindness their delight,
Winged with mercy as they fly,

and the thought is full of comfort, that a precious child far removed from immediate parental supervision, may be tenderly guarded by an unseen attendant, divinely commissioned to ward off dangers, incite to the right, and win away from the wrong.

We hope that our dear Home children, who go from us to distant homes are ever guarded thus, for surely they specially need such supervision. Not only the unseen, but the visible and tangible guardianship is necessary to their present and future welfare. Many of them were old enough when received by us to remember a painful chapter of early antecedents—circumstances that they would fain forget, and they are sensitive to unkindness, and keenly alive to aught that recalls the past. Their happiness depends not only upon their well doing but their consciousness of being loved. In regard to those who are not adopted, we have reason to believe that the large majority have guardians who are truly interested in their welfare, willing to bear with their youthful indiscretions, and endeavor so to correct them as to improve the character and the heart. But it would be strange indeed were there no instances where fidelity to the trust confided had proved wanting. That such instances have been the exception and not the rule in our Home work is cause for gratitude.

This work has now become so extended and the children so widely scattered that the managers feel much relieved when assured of the judicious aid of their distant auxiliaries and friends in watching over their scattered flock. They invite this aid wherever their children are located, not an unkind and officious interference, but a word of encouragement to well-doing, as opportunity may offer, such suggestions to the guardian or the ward as angel-spirits would approve and the golden rule sanction. And, in case of manifest wrong, beyond the power of present correction by the Christian faithfulness of those conversant with the facts, immediate information of the same would be gratefully appreciated by the Home Managers.

To the large numbers who have taken and are rearing children of want and orphanage,

prompted only by motives of benevolence, we can return no adequate expression of our thanks. This labor of love prosecuted with saving results will prove in the far future to have been as an angel's work, and receive an angel's reward. Let none be deterred from sharing it, because of the responsibilities or trials of the way. Among the list of good works specified by the apostle, the item is made prominent, "If she have brought up children."

THANKSGIVING IS COMING.

"ONLY three weeks to Thanksgiving," was said in my hearing just now. "What do you know of Thanksgiving?" I asked, with a half-jealous feeling that one, not "to the manor born," could think she knew what an orthodox Thanksgiving meant; for I protest, that no one out of New England, and only there, where the old Puritan spirit still lingers, is there any "realizing sense" of a genuine Thanksgiving season. But to my query the reply came, as I thought it would, "What do I know of Thanksgiving? Why it's a holiday, and we always have roast turkey for dinner."

"Why do we celebrate the day?" asked papa, pleased at the opportunity to display his child's intelligence. And she told very nicely, what her history said, just as she would have told of the discovery of America or any other event in the book. Now, ask a boy or girl away down in Maine, or among the Green or Granite Hills, or in the dear, old Bay State, or where peddlers and wooden nutmegs have become historic, along with churches and steady habits, and last and best, in brave, little Rhody, ask the scions of the old stock, the origin of this "Harvest Home," and as they tell you the story, visions will rise, and crop out, of pumpkin pies and pies of mince, pies of golden hue and cranberry red, marmalade and plum tarts, fat turkeys and canvass-backs, pandowdies and plum puddings; mixed in with family re-unions, nice, poor people, blind man's buff, and a grand, good time. Not the pleasure of the day alone, but for all the days of preparation, when parental restraint was relaxed, and for the once the rule set aside, that "children should be seen, and not heard." Not that freedom of thought and action was denied, or that there was any undue severity in this restraint, but the child was educated to regard constituted authority as essential to genuine liberty. Our fathers brought with them from the old world, that respect for parental and national authority incident to a stable government, a respect yielding only to a higher law; and their children were taught that their will must never conflict with that of the parent, and that civil law was not a matter of choice, but necessity.

It is customary to sneer at the Puritans; would to God the Puritan spirit guided in our

councils now. Would to God, that these men, severe in honest purpose, firm as our hills, and as incorruptible, God-fearing, God-honoring men, with whom government was a great and solemn interest, full of "the power of an endless life," who read God's word, kept God's Sabbaths, and feared God with solemn awe, who dared to strike with swift and righteous retribution, at peculation, and fraud, and party cabal; oh, that such men led our armies now. Such men are in our armies. "The pilgrim spirit is not dead." Once warmed into life by the Spirit of God, God's hand once more at the helm, and our ship of state shall ride safely into the haven where she would be.

I have wandered far from my subject, I thought to write of Thanksgiving-day in New England. The simple remark of a child had taken me back into the past, and I was a child again, in the old, family room, with brother and sisters there, a group of six. The wide, open grate, piled with rich red anthracite, lights up the sober, but warm tints of the in-grain carpet and the dark old mahogany, telling tales of time and usage and honest comfort, glows over puss in her warm place on the hearth-rug, shines on the white head in the great arm-chair, lends an added beauty to dear mother's face, and helps the lagging thoughts in the clustered heads round the centre-lamp, conning the to-morrow's lessons. Just such words are said, and the hush is broken, books are thrown aside and all are eagerly interested to tell what is in the store-room and what is needed there, who are to be invited and what poor people we know, when the winter dresses are to be purchased, and how made up in season—the one new dress of merino or Caroline plaid—"the best" on all occasions for one winter, and "second best" the next. How busily happy we were in the following days, how early we rose those cold mornings, how willingly picked over apples and stoned raisins and ground spice; stouter arms were needed for the chopping, but how ours ached pounding crackers for the plum puddings. What good things went into those puddings—the charge of extravagance parried by, "one is so convenient when company happens in"—more often, a slice found its way into our luncheon-baskets, with mother's injunction, "not to eat it cold," and then "to mind and not go near the fire." How we lingered before school "to help a little more" till hurried off with the bit of paper, asking "the master" "to please excuse for being late," how we hastened home to find baskets ready filled for our willing feet to carry to widow Lee and mother Dodge, and half a score of aunt Sallys. Those were pleasant times, but the vision fades into the long ago and of the actors in it some lie side by side in the silent home, and we are passing, soon to meet them there; but this fair heritage! shall it pass away? A heritage alike to all New England's sons and daughters, scattered far and wide over this broad land. The return of this season brings to each, even amid

the desolation and strife of war, memories that crowd thickly the vista of the past, and linger around the hearth-stone and the altar of home, and the day is kept as holy time. Oh, brothers and sisters, in whose veins runs the blood of the pilgrims, would you give these hallowed influences unmarred to your children, would you have your homes, whether in palace or cot, lighted by intelligence and shielded by freedom, and the sanctuary and the school—those pillars of freedom—rest on the broad basis where our fathers reared them? Then may their spirit stir in your hearts, and you arise as one man and call mightily upon God as your fathers did, till He appear to save us. Five righteous men would once have saved a city, you, by the help given you of God, may save our country.

ETHEL.

HATED WITHOUT A CAUSE.

A LITTLE daughter of an estimable family was recently taking a pleasant ramble in the Central Park, in company with a schoolmate about the same age. Presently there came tripping hand-in-hand along the flower-scented path, two bright-looking, well-behaved children, neatly attired, and as full of happiness as though their complexion were like alabaster. "See there!" exclaimed the child of better fortune, "Look at those two little niggers; what business have they to be walking here? I shouldn't think they would be allowed to come in the park."

"But they won't harm us," responded her companion; "they can enjoy it as much as we, and I like to see them look so happy."

Thus the school girls gave expression to the different views that had doubtless been inculcated by their home training. The parents of both these children are members of Christian churches, but, judging from this incident, must have a different estimate of Christian responsibility. In the one case a bitter prejudice has been imbibed against fellow beings made in the image of God, and wholly blameless for the lines of light or shade that He saw fit to blend in their house of clay. In the other the heart has been kept free from prejudice against color, so that upon the tongue is the law of kindness. It is easy to decide which of these children manifested the spirit of Christ.

We are reminded by this circumstance of the wrong state of feeling yet existing among thousands of our citizens. Of the educated aversion to a dark skin, resulting often in a degree of hate toward its possessor, preventing obedience to the great command, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If "he that despiseth the poor,

reproacheth his Maker," surely those who despise the work of His hands, are not guiltless.

Were those who feel thus to listen to a sermon from the text, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His," would they not stand self-condemned, consciously unfit for that world whence pride and hate are forever excluded? Is it not true of many of us in the churches, that we are "verily guilty concerning our brother?" Should there not be in this time of sorrow throughout the nation, great searching of heart, and should it not begin at the sanctuary. If in the Church there is unrepented sin, a spirit of caste oppressive to humanity, can her prayers avail as did those of the prophet Elias, or of the early disciples, who, when gathered together, praying, saw Peter standing before the gate.

Dying reader, hast thou ever watched for an hour by the remains of a loved one, after decomposition had discolored the once beautiful complexion, making it offensive to sight and sense? Hast thou reflected, such, ere long, must be thy future self? Such have become the vast army of the slain who have lately fallen victims to death, because the cry of the oppressed had entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth. That such wouldst thou become speedily were thy soul summoned hence; and then, down where the earth worm revels, what thou wouldst have to boast, because for a mere handbreadth of thine existence, God had lent to thee a form of whiter mold than other sleepers in that common receptacle of a lost race.

Might not such be a profitable stand-point, while solving any doubts about the question, "What feelings should we cherish toward any to whom God has given, as to us, souls of infinite value, that must soon stand with us at the Judgment to account alike for the deeds done in the body."

CASTE AND CHRIST.

"HE is not ashamed to call them brethren."

Ho! thou dark and weary stranger,
From the tropic's palmy strand;
Bowed with toil, with mind benighted,
What wouldst thou upon our land?

"Am I not, O man, thy brother?"
Spoke the stranger patiently,
"All that makes thee, man, immortal,
Tell me, dwells it not in me?

"I, like thee, have joy and sorrow,
I, like thee, have love and fear,
I, like thee, have hopes and longings
Far beyond this earthly sphere."

"Thou art happy—I am sorrowing,
Thou art rich and I am poor,

In the name of our one Father
Do not spurn me from your door."

Thus the dark one spoke, imploring,
To each stranger passing nigh;
But each child, and man, and woman,
Priest and Levite passed him by.

Spurned of men, despised, rejected,
Spurned from school, and church, and hall,
Spurned from business and from pleasure,
Sad he stood, apart from all.

Then I saw a Form all glorious,
Spotless as the dazzling light;
As He passed, men veiled their faces,
And the earth, as heaven, grew bright.

Spake He to the dusky stranger,
Awe-struck there on bended knee,
"Rise! for I have called thee brother
I am not ashamed of thee."

"When I wedded mortal nature
To my Godhead and my throne,
When I made mankind all sacred
Sealed all human for mine own."

"By Myself, the Lord of ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong,
I have pledged my word, unbroken,
For the weak against the strong."

"See! upon my gospel banner,
I have blazed in light the sign,
He who scorns his lowliest brother,
Never shall have hand of mine."

Hear the word, who fight for freedom,
Shout it in the battle's van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the God, is Christ the man.

H. B. S.

Andover, July 22d, 1852.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

LOOK ALOFT.

"IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale,
Are around and above; if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
Look aloft, and be firm, and be fearless of heart."

NEAR the eastern front of the capitol is a statue of Washington, and while with one hand he surrenders his sword, with the other he points upward, as if commanding his beloved country to the care of Heaven; and if he could now speak to us, would he not still point upward, teaching us to seek first of all the blessing and direction of God?

I have been gratified to see in the *Advocate and Guardian* frequent "calls to prayer." Surely if ever there was a time when the constant cry should be "look aloft," "pray without ceasing," it is the present time. I have read with pleasure the appeal of the Christian ladies of Boston to their sisters in Christ, making some suggestions in regard to the prayers which should be offered for our country. I think these suggestions have not been unheeded; and there is much earnest, united prayer offered for our smitten, suffering land. I have recently attended a very excellent meeting of this character. The small church was crowded and the countenances of all expressed the deepest interest in the object of the meeting. Nearly every one present had a relative or a dear

friend in our great army, and each one felt that it was his own as well as his country's cause for which we presented our petitions. The different objects for which our prayers should be offered were mentioned. First of all, our country, that God would guide it through its great peril, and defend the right. Next, for those who have gone from us into manifold temptations, who have left all the restraints of home and are some of them entirely destitute of religious instruction; then the sick and wounded, that their health may be restored and that they all may be brought to a saving knowledge of Christ; then for our prisoners who are suffering patiently in Southern jails; finally, for ourselves, that faith may be given us and that we may be enabled to trust implicitly in God. The prayers which were offered on this occasion were so earnest and impressive that they can never be forgotten by those who were present. I doubt not many similar meetings of prayer are held in all parts of our land. Let us all pray more for the spiritual welfare of our soldiers and for God's blessing on our immense army in all its departments.

"To prayer, to prayer, for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes,
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love,
Oh! then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer."

It was suggested at the meeting to which I have alluded that we have many causes of thanksgiving as well as of supplication. May we not hope that a brighter day is dawning upon us, and that we are to be humbled and chastened until we are a wiser and purer and better nation?

M. H.

For the Advocate and Guardian.
THE LIFE-WORK OF CHRISTIANS.

MAY not the humble follower of Jesus comprehend the sad recoil of feeling which called forth the words, "And He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief;" while endeavoring to carry out that Divine commission, "As the Father has sent me into the world even so have I also sent them into the world?" Jno. 17.18. The lowliest believer then, has a work to do, even till the end of time; for by the words which closely follow, "Neither pray I for these alone; but for them also, which shall believe on me through their word;" we see that Jesus makes no exemption. "So send I them even as the Father hath sent me!" Oh! the magnitude of the responsibility which these few words involve! And well may all inquire "Who is sufficient for these things," and sink down overwhelmed with the labor of "showing forth the Lord Jesus in the midst of a perverse generation," of carrying on the work which Himself begun, but for His own words, "Lo! I am with you always even till the end of the world." But with this encouragement, how may the weakest take courage, who aright

seek to perform that, which should be their life-work, knowing "that as their days, so shall their strength be."

Doubtless there may be those who mistake their true mission; and perhaps this were as disastrous as to sit with hands folded in indolence. Then, too, how many with humble, earnest hearts fail to perform the good they desire; but this may not be proof that they have mistaken their duty, for God may have a discipline to accomplish, in permitting them to fail; but in this case, will be felt His supporting grace, which will more than compensate for the disappointment, for He suffereth not His children, "to be tempted above that which they are able to bear." Nor should duty be to any of us a stern, unmusical word, but rather let each go with hearts joyfully bounding to do his Master's work, or rather his own life-labor, be it ever so humble or arduous, remembering, as expressed by Hannah More, "that the young artizan, does not bind himself by firmer articles to do his master's work, than does the indentured Christian bind himself to the active service of His Divine Master, who Himself "went about doing good." And by active service is not alone meant those note-worthy attainments, which few may achieve, but those humble services which none are too obscure to perform; thereby evincing to those about them, "by a well-ordered life" as well as "by a godly conversation"—that "they are the light of the world," that they are willing "to serve their generation by the will of God," though it be only by speaking a word of warning to the careless, defending the innocent when maligned in our presence, or perhaps in giving a pleasant answer when tempted to an unkind one by some sudden or unjust irritation, or it may be, by wearing a cheerful countenance amid desponding surroundings. If we will watch ourselves for a day—I had almost said, for an hour, we may discern how is this Christian principle inwrought into the minutest trifles of every-day life.

And if, with humble, prayerful hearts we are daily found standing reverently, as it were, in the presence-chamber of the Most High, saying, whatsoever thou requirest of us, that will we do, we need not long remain idle. Nor should a position of personal advantage be regarded more desirable than a field of usefulness. Neither should this be the coercion of duty, but the sweet constraint of an honest, heartfelt preference, which yields a soul-satisfying delight. For does not the toil of action bring its own advantage, by developing the powers that might otherwise lie dormant? And if God has ordained that the truest enjoyment should flow from the rightful performance of duty, how should each lost opportunity reprove us; and each returning one remind us of those which are gone, lest we continue carelessly to let them slip unimproved to our own or others' benefit. Then, with heroic independence, let our convictions

of duty be pursued, let others do as they may, each maintaining our mutual relations without suspicion or pretension, that rivalry, fault-finding and discord may be done away. But be this as it may, let each for ourselves emulate one of America's true women,* who proved by deeds as well as words, "she was afraid of nothing in the universe, but that she should not know her duty or fail to perform it." Then may we consciously realize those words of Pope, "One self-approving hour whole years outweighs Of stupid starers or of wild huzzas." M. W. H.

*Mary Lyon, founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

TO THE DEAR CHILDREN AT THE HOME.

Waterford, Pa., Oct., 1862.

In opening this letter you will find one dollar, a present to you from Mary Agnes Allen, a dear little friend of mine, who has this week, Sept. 30, gone to her heavenly home and is a bright angel now. Before she died she divided her treasures among her dear friends, and though she had never seen you, she was deeply interested in you and loved you very much, for she had read a great deal about you in the *Advocate and Guardian*. This dollar was in small pieces, as her parents and brothers had given them, and I would be glad could I send them just as she had handled them. She was only nine and a half years old, the darling of her parents' hearts and only sister of four devoted brothers, with everything around her to make her happy and yet she willingly left them all because she loved her Saviour more. Her character had been such as to endear her to all who knew her well. She was a bright and intelligent child, affectionately dutiful to her parents, happy in making others happy; anxious to do right and conscientiously truthful. I do not think her parents can recall any instance in which she ever wilfully falsified. She abhorred deceit, and so sensitive was her conscience on this subject that her loving and confiding heart was grieved when she heard what to her appeared to be false or exaggerated. Reading and study were a pleasure to her. She liked to read the Scriptures and Scripture narratives suited to her years. She loved very much and endeavored to circulate "The Child's Paper," and was so much interested in the "*Advocate and Guardian*," that she was accustomed always to read it through. Prayer was a habit with her and she not only prayed alone, but evinced a hearty interest in the family worship and was ever very particular not to be absent from her place when the blessing was asked at table. She loved the sweet songs of Zion and never seemed happier than when on her swing, that loving hands had raised for her, she would go over the many with which she was familiar, such as "The happy land," and others that I have often heard you sing when visiting you at your beautiful "Home." Her favorite hymn during her last days was the seven hundred and sixty-seventh of the Church Psalmist.

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign," &c.

The whole of this beautiful hymn she appropriated as the expression of her own heart.

This dear child was a great sufferer during her last sickness, but bore it patiently and ripened fast for the heavenly world. She had a clear understanding of the way of salvation through the Saviour, and you could not doubt the expression of her faith, and love, and hope. To those around her she seemed a perfect miracle of what Christ would do for His own dear lambs in their last and trying hour. She would speak out, "Blessed Saviour!" with a countenance beaming with love, and on her father repeating the Saviour's words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," she looked up and added with an emphasis of meaning, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

On the last morning of her life family worship, at her request, was held in her room, for she desired prayer to be made with her with all present. She then told them this would be her last day, that she was not afraid to die, that she was going to her Saviour, and begged her brothers—whom she dearly loved—to be good and meet her there. Seeing all in tears about her, and sorry that her words had grieved them, she said, "Maybe I shall not die; God knows best." But her feeling was, "My Jesus as Thou wilt." But realizing that death was really approaching, she with a kiss bade each an affectionate farewell. She continued to talk, but as her strength failed, her friends requested her to rest a little, she said, "No, she did not want to go to sleep, she wished to be awake when she died;" and looking to her mother, said, "Mother, do you not hear the angels sing? I do." And again attempting to speak, she said, "Mother," when her voice failed and she was among the angels. I would like to tell you more, but hope you will give your young hearts to the Saviour, then, if in early life, you are called away, you will be also fitted for that better land. Affectionately, your friend,

MARY E. BRADFORD.

The above letter was read to the children of the Home. Each and all listened with fixed attention. When asked what should be done with the dying gift of dear little Mary Allen, so that they might all share it, they voted, unanimously, to have it expended to purchase some pictures, representing the Good Shepherd blessing little children, and other Scripture scenes, to be hung in their school-rooms, so that they might see them daily. Thus the dear child who heard "angels sing" as her soul was passing hence, being dead, will yet speak, and may perhaps lead others to join "The new song" when beyond the river.—ED.

"READ OF ALL MEN."—A minister of God from a foreign land once remarked to a Christian assembly in this city, "To one sinner who reads the Bible, there are twenty who read professing Christians."

HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER.

Concluded.

Wednesday, Sept. 17. A gentleman called to see if we would receive a family of six children. The mother was dead and the father gone. While the case was under consideration the father returned and wished to know if they could be received with his consent. As it was known that he was intemperate and would not take proper care of them, he was told they could not be received. He said he was willing and anxious to commit them to our care, and left, saying he would bring them the next Monday.

A woman finding it necessary to go to Bellevue Hospital for a season of illness, wishes to leave her little girl of four years with us until she gets able again to take charge of her. Her husband left her two months ago, either for the army or on board of a ship, and she has heard nothing from him since. She has disposed of all her little household effects to live upon, and all she has left is \$2,50. We could not say to her nay, and took the child.

Another woman, whose husband is sick in the hospital, and she must seek a service-place to support herself, wishes to board her child of eight years with us. The child being diseased, and needing medical treatment and good nursing, seemed a good reason why the application should be deferred.

Several visitors called and were shown over the building. We went in the schools and heard the children sing some of their well-selected pieces. The schools were large and very orderly under the management of their most excellent teachers.

Friday, 19th. A very destitute Scotch woman, a widow, with two children, asked relief either in work or clothing. She had tried every way to get work and had walked out to Elizabeth, and not being successful, she had to walk back. We gave her bread to supply her immediate wants, for which she seemed truly thankful.

A thin, care-worn and sorrowful-looking mother, with a bright little boy of two and a half years, asked to see Mrs. P. She had been here before, her tale of woe had been told and listened to; she was a widow with three children. The oldest a girl and a cripple, the next a boy, then this little one. She made toys to support herself and them; she was obliged to carry the girl in her arms to and from school, as she could not bear the thought of her growing up without an education. The boy was doing a little something for himself, but this babe must be neglected; she could not support and take care of all. Could we take this youngest child and do better for it than she could? She had thought over the subject a long time and had come to the conclusion it was best, but sad, very sad was the parting between that American mother and her youngest born.

Wednesday, 24th. Supplied several applicants with situations this morning. A young-looking woman wishes to see Mrs. S., but as

she was not here, we inquired her wants and heard the oft-repeated tale. Six months ago her husband went in the army. The last she had heard from him, he was wounded and in the hospital. She had received nothing from him and was obliged to go out to service. Her situation being such that she could work no longer, she must go to Bellevue Hospital; she needed suitable clothing for the "wee one." We supplied her with all our scanty Dorcas-room afforded, for which she seemed grateful.

Friday, 26th. We resumed our meetings to prepare work for the Industrial School. Find we have very little material to work upon, but hope some of our kind friends will remember us and send cotton-cloth to make suitable garments for the coming winter. Everything has risen so in price that we almost fear we shall not have a supply.

A large number of visitors to-day. Two children of eleven and two years were legally surrendered. Desertion by the husband and inability to provide for them the cause. The parting of the older one from her mother was truly agonizing. It seemed as if she could not endure the separation and gave herself up to grief after her mother left.

One of our little ones who died yesterday was lying in the chapel prepared for burial. We were asked if we would like to attend the funeral. We entered the chapel, where the children had already assembled, and the poor, afflicted and very worthy parents of the little departed one were sitting. They were German and the father an invalid, having been a long time at St. Luke's. The mother was grieving sadly for the lost one; she has two older ones, but this was the baby and it was hard to part with it. We sympathized deeply with her. As prayer was being offered she knelt by the coffin and was convulsed with weeping. When the services, which were very appropriate, were over, she was asked if she wished to see her babe for the last time. She went to the corpse, and kissed it again and again, and wiped off its little face, and then removed some of the flowers that had been placed about its head and put them in her pocket for a keepsake. The father bent over the coffin and the tears fell freely over the departed. No doubt his sorrow was mingled with joy as he thought how soon he, too, would be called to his rest in heaven. He was very feeble and they will no doubt be soon reunited in that blessed home, where there will be no more partings. Such sorrow is not often witnessed, and I am sure the stoutest heart could not have beheld it unmoved.

A gentleman called to get a boy about eleven years. He was shown the children, and selected one who is to be sent to him on Monday. May he find a good home and be trained for heaven.

A woman, just returned from the seat of war, is sitting in the hall. She is much sunburnt, and is telling such an interesting chapter of incidents that we must listen. Her husband

enlisted and went early into the army. When he received his first pay he sent her \$40 to come to him. She went and was laundress for his regiment. She followed his fortunes and went from place to place, until at last they were taken prisoners. They were taken to Richmond and confined in a dismal prison. Her experience during all this time was varied and amusing. They did not keep her long, but sent her, with some others, to Baltimore, and from thence she has made her way to this city. She says she has had enough of war, and is quite content to stay here and work for her living. She had papers to show which regiment her husband was in, and a check for money, which she could draw in a week or two. She asks for a home for a few days; she was admitted.

Statistics for Sept.—No. of adults admitted, 21; dismissed, 20; remaining, 30. No. of children admitted, 28; dismissed, 27; deceased, 5; remaining, 110; total 140.

Correspondence.

Croton, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1862.

Dear Madam,—I have the happiness to enclose to you, for "the Home," the sum of fifty cents. It was handed to us by "Birdie" Boyd, a good little girl, eight years old, belonging to a family of one of our near neighbors. She abstained from eating butter one hundred days and thus gained the half-dollar which I now send to you. May the blessing of the dear Saviour, who showed such love to "little children," rest on the giver and on the gift, and some heart be made happier by "Birdie's" beneficence.

Affectionately, yours, in Christ,
J. N. ADAMS.

Cincinnati, Sept. 26, 1862.

Dear Madam,—Inclosed find Straight, Deming & Co.'s check on American Exchange Bank, New York, for \$15, as a small donation to your Society—in part, and in part to those who read the copies which I order of your excellent paper. I would like to write you an article for your paper, but I have no time now. I may write you from New Orleans, as I design spending some six or eight months in that city. I hope you will continue to speak out against making merchandise of "slaves and souls of men," showing yourselves, like the blessed Master, no respecters of persons.

Please send fifteen copies of the *Advocate and Guardian* to my address here, as formerly, for my Bible-class of young ladies, and mail one copy to me at New Orleans till further advices. The balance is a donation to your Society.

Yours, &c. S. STRAIGHT.

Pulaski, Oswego Co., Sept. 20th, 1862.

Enclosed you will find one dollar sent for the benefit of the little ones at the Home. It was handed me by a little girl, (a member of

our Sabbath-school,) with the request that I would send it to aid the children at the Home. Please acknowledge it to Delia Eaton, Pulaski, Oswego Co., N. Y. She is a faithful reader of the *Advocate*. A friend to your cause.

MRS. SARAH A. DECKER.

New York, Oct. 12th, 1862.

My Dear Friend,—You have heard me express a desire to be a chaplain in our army. The providence of God has opened the way, and I am now chaplain of the Fourth Metropolitan Guard of this city. In a few days I leave with the regiment for the seat of war, and knowing how much good your paper has done many of our brave soldiers, who have already fought and died for our country, I felt that I must ask you for a small package of your regular issue for the benefit of our regiment. Will you not also pray for us and for me in my position, that God's blessing may follow us and many of our men be induced to enlist under the banner of the cross.

Truly, Yours,

L. M. BIRGE.

The above and similar requests for the *Advocate* are cheerfully granted. We insert the note that it may suggest the importance of special prayer, not only for the writer, but for all chaplains who are called thus to stand between the living and the dead, mid scenes of sorrow and peril. Brother Birge has, during his theological course, employed a portion of his time very usefully in laboring for the poor and outcast of the city, thus giving his aid and sympathies to our common cause. His ordination occurred on Sabbath evening Oct 4th, at Dr. Hatfield's church. Sermon by Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, charge by Dr. Thomas H. Skinner, ordaining prayer by Rev. C. P. Bush, constitutional questions by Rev. Dr. Owen.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A WELCOME.

A few days since I received a welcome that sent the grateful tears rushing to my eyes. I was just stepping on board of one of the ferry-boats that plies between New York and a neighboring city, when I heard myself addressed, "How do you do Mrs.—?" I looked up and saw two soldiers whom I had frequently met in the hospital. They were Germans, one of them quite an old man, he took my hand in both his with such a blessing in the clasp that I could scarcely restrain the tears. Very kindly he inquired for my welfare and told me of his. It was little I had done for these men, except to visit them in their affliction and cheer them with my sympathy, but the welcome they gave me was so warm and grateful that I felt strengthened by it for new efforts for the comfort of the sufferers from this fearful war. This unexpected meeting with these soldiers, whose names I do not remember, and who do not know mine, will ever be one of the bright spots in my memory. Their broken English I could only imperfectly understand, but their

gratitude I appreciated, and such was its effect upon me that I consider myself far more indebted to them, than they to me.

We cannot do too much if we do it wisely, for the comfort of the soldiers. They value kindness; it blesses them in many ways. They realize that the influences of camp life are not refining. The very presence of a judicious woman as a nurse in a ward is a moral good. I have been astonished at the gentleness of these rough men. I have heard no uncivil word from them; none that need make a woman hesitate to do all in her power for them. But all women cannot go into hospitals, yet there is no one that cannot earn a soldier's blessing. The sick and wounded require our care; if we cannot minister to them in person we can do it through others. The demand upon the Sanitary Commission has been such that its Washington storehouses are said to be bare of shirts, drawers, slippers, socks, bed-sacks, blankets, old clothing. We each of us can do something towards providing a supply, and let us go to work quickly, that no one of our men may suffer for want of what we can do. The Sanitary Commission sends supplies where they are most needed, and to me it seems the safest and quickest medium of communication with our sick and wounded. Nothing that can be used in a hospital comes amiss, half worn shirts are often of as much use as new ones; handkerchiefs made of old muslin dresses are much better than none. We must gather up all the fragments and waste nothing; our country needs all we have to give her. Let us give to her cheerfully, steadily just so long as she needs our aid. It may be but little that we can do, but that little may save a human life or make it more comfortable in its hour of need, and I am sure we shall not lose our reward. The blessing of those ready to perish will rest upon us and we shall learn that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

ANNA H.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

Annual Report of the Danbury Female Guardian Society, presented October 14th, 1862.

THE fourth anniversary of the Danbury Female Guardian Society has arrived. It is not in vain, we hope, that its existence has been thus far prolonged. Its records, we would fain believe, bear testimony to some good accomplished, some successful efforts made in the great work of elevating our poor weak humanity. For such efforts, we take to ourselves no merit, but remembering Christ, our great leader, we would in deep humility, follow more earnestly in His footsteps, as the light which He shall give, shall enable us to trace them.

Ten destitute children have been received by this Society since its organization. These were transferred to the Home for the Friendless, where, at a small expense to us, they

were fed, clothed, and most faithfully cared for. Some have died in the last year; Annie Gunn, a very interesting child, whose short life ended so sweetly and peacefully, we know was made happier by our ministrations. It was a member of this Society, who first taught her to sing the praises of Jesus, which were on her lips when she passed away. Those living have been disposed of; we expect to hear some account of their circumstances from the ladies connected with the Home, who are present with us. Many other children, we trust, have been benefited by us in various ways. The warm garment, necessary to a comfortable outfit for Sabbath-school, the hastily-prepared wardrobe for the newly-born, countless articles contributing to warmth and tidiness, as they were called for, have not been withheld. Our thanks are due to our President, whose house has been our repository, for the unwearied patience and kindness with which she has listened to, and satisfied applications for such assistance. We have endeavored to discourage beggary, to dissuade from vice, and to recommend religion. We are confident that during these years, a more systematic habit of laying aside and distributing to the poor, has been adopted by many ladies, and the habit, no doubt, once acquired, will be strengthened as time moves on. Just now, many families are more comfortable than formerly, by means of the earnings of husbands and fathers in the army. We have not yet realized all the horrors of war. When it is ended there will be many widows and orphans, whose agonized wail will appeal to the benevolent, and whose needs will demand efficient and timely aid.

More recently the subject of Intemperance has claimed our attention. This evil is not a distant one, it is in our midst, it invades our homes. Anxious to do something for its overthrow, we have caused a petition to be circulated among the ladies of the place, which has received many signatures, praying the authorities to use the means in their power to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors. These names were published in our village papers, and the movement was noticed and commended by the journals of a neighboring town. It remains that we do not stop here; that we persevere in our efforts to gain public attention, to bring about public action.

We are not without discouragements. We wish that more of our friends would cooperate with us; that while they are untiring in their labors for the soldiers, they would also lend us their countenance in our appropriate work, which is a home work, continually to be prosecuted, never to be lost sight of amid the great excitement of the times. Our place of residence is dear to us, it has claims upon every Christian to do something to increase therein the amount of human happiness, and lessen misery. Shall this be left to individual impulse, or shall a permanent and efficient organization lead off in the work? * * * *

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From Oct. 10th to Oct. 25th, 1862.

HOME.

N.Y.—A Friend, Stratham.....	10
Vt.—Mrs D. T. Robinson, Middlebury.....	1 00
Miss Sarah Rugg, Thetford, freight.....	1 06
Juvenile Miss. Soc. and other friends in Fairfax, per L. H. Hyde, freight.....	1 00
Mass.—Mr Wm. Skinner, Haydenville.....	5 00
Friends, per E. B. Billings, Greenfield, freight.....	1 00
Ladies, Monson, per Mrs J. B. Packard, freight.....	3 50
Prudence Dean, Taunton.....	1 00
Conn.—Charlie, Willie and Freddie Burritt, Waterbury.....	53
N. Porter, Jr., Berlin, freight.....	50
Mrs E. R. Gilbert, \$1, M. Beadle, 18c, Wallingford Fem. Guard. Society, Danbury.....	1 18
Mrs Russell Hoyt, Mrs E. W. Botsford, \$2 each, Mrs H. Benedict, \$1, Mrs Harriet Ball and Mrs Henry Hoyt, 50c each, Danbury.....	7 00
Friends, Cheshire, freight, per Mrs E. J. Hotchkiss	6 00
Mrs H. S. Stevens, Clinton.....	1 00
Martha Bristol, Middlebury.....	1 00
Mrs Eli Terry, \$2, Mrs W. Burnell, 50c, Miss M. Osborn, 35c, Mr Norton, 20c, per M. A. Osborn, Terryville.....	3 05
N.Y.—A Friend, Florence, freight.....	50
Little "Birdie" Boyd, Croton, per J. N. Adams.....	50
Mr A. I. Ingersoll, Corning.....	50
Mrs Chas. Smith, Tarrytown.....	50
A year's savings of Charlie Woodworth Graham, not four yrs., West Meredith, per Mr C. Merrill.....	50
Mrs Tooker, Rush, freight.....	51
Mrs F. Thorp, Mina.....	50
Miss Susan A. Bement, Elmira.....	5 00
Mrs Sarah Palmer, Locust Valley.....	1 00
Emma Sturtevant, Amsterdam.....	50
Clarine and Olivia Devereaux, 15c each, Johnny Devereaux, 13c, Lockport.....	43
Miss Mary Jane Hulburd, Stockholm.....	10 00
N.Y. City.—Louisa, Anna, George and Alfred, \$1, their grandmother, 50c.....	1 50
Miss Anderson, per Miss M. Annesley.....	2 50
Mrs Skidmore.....	50

Collected by Mrs. Lafevre.

A Norrie.....	50 00
James Brown.....	50 00
Schnyler, Hartley & Graham.....	25 00
Pacific Mutual Ins. Co.....	25 00
Claflin & Mellen.....	25 00
H. S. Terbell.....	25 00
N.Y.—Sabbath Scholars in Presb. Ch., Montclair, per Mrs M. I. Hubbard.....	1 25
Pa.—Mrs E. W. Harrington, Scranton.....	38
O.—Elizabeth Shunk, Cardington, per J. Morris, Bequest of a deceased sister, per C. S. Trask, Southington.....	1 00
Ill.—W. Genesee.....	10 00
Wis.—Mr and Mrs Samuel Williams, Burns.....	2 00
Oregon.—Morty Hasbrouck and Little Rilla, deceased, 25c each, Lancaster.....	1 00
	50

WIDOWS' FUND.

Conn.—Mrs D. Root 50c, Mrs D. Hitchcock, Mrs B. Ives and a Friend, 25c each, per Mrs E. J. Hotchkiss, Cheshire.....	1 25
N.Y.—A Friend, Jamestown.....	2 00

LIFE MEMBERS.

Conn.—Mr and Mrs James Hopkins, Bridgeport, to apply on L. M. of Mrs Spray.....	4 00
Mrs Eunice Burnham, Mansfield, full payment on L. M.	10 00
N.Y.—Mr Hiram Hulburd, to complete L. M. of Mrs Amelia H. Hulburd, Stockholm.....	10 00
Mrs Rebecca Woodward, first payment on L. M. for Miss Miranda Follet, Sherburne.....	10 00
S. L. Smith, Esq., West Camden, to const. his wife, Mrs L. A. Smith a L. M.	20 00
Edward James Thomas, Brooklyn, to apply on L. M., by his mother.....	5 00
H. Gaston, Munnsville, to complete L. M. of his daughter, Miss Mary C. Gaston.....	10 00

ENDOWMENT FUND.

N.J.—T. L. K., Newark.....	100 00
Mich.—Interest on money, pledged Wm. G. Talbert, Sand Beach.....	2 36

Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from Oct. 10th to Oct. 25th, 1862.

Vt.—Fairfax, a box of quilts and clothing from the Juvenile Missionary Society and parcel of child's clothing from Mrs Alice Bellows.

Mass.—Greenfield, a barrel of quilts, valuable clothing and shoes from Mrs E. Maxwell, Mrs E. B. Billings and other ladies.

Stockbridge, a parcel of clothing from Mrs S. W. Jones and one quilt from Mrs Sarah Allen, per Mrs R. B. Craig.

Conn.—Ansonia, a barrel of apples, pears, dried fruit, etc., from Mrs Mary E. Tucker.

N.Y.—Barre Centre, a tatting collar for sales-room from Miss Elizabeth C. Hill.

Schenectady, a box of nuts, caps, etc., from Mrs Shuler, per Miss Julia Griffes.

Croton, 2 barrels of apples from Mrs L. Matilda Cockcroft.

Irvington, 4 barrels of apples from Mrs Anna F. Jaffray.

Mount Kisco, 2 barrels of apples from Robert W. Flewellyn and 4 barrels from Abraham Weeks.

Lake, 1 doz. pairs boys socks from Mrs Mary L. Pratt and 2 infants' saques from Mrs Nelson Pratt.

Fordham, 2 barrels of apples from Mrs Campbell.

Camden, a package of infants' clothing from Mrs S. A. Crouch.

Davenport, a bag of dried fruit, meal and pair of stockings from Mrs George Hillis.

Bloomingburgh, a package of clothing and basted work from Mrs A. Dunning.

Cazenovia, 6 needlebooks from Mrs Mary Springstead.

N.Y. City.—1 doz. handkerchiefs for Ind. School and 3 aprons from Mrs J. Kemp, per Mrs Starr.

A package of clothing from Mrs Safford.

" " " " Mrs Ranney.

" " " " Mrs E. C. Benedict.

" " Hymn Books from S. S. Union, per Mrs E. Starr.

A package of childrens' clothing from Mrs Davis.

A chest of tools from Mrs H. L. Meginley.

135 yds. dress plaids, calico and shirting for L. School No. 1 from Mr C. Pierson, per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.

N.Y.—Montclair, a barrel of apples from friends, per Mrs M. I. Hubbard.

Pa.—Scranton, a crocheted watch-case from Mrs P. H. Barlow.

O.—Oberlin, five needle-books for Bazaar, from Mrs E. B. Clark.

Unknown.—A package of stockings and a quilt.

WANTED.—By a competent and judicious young lady, a situation as Governess for children in the English branches, either in a family or school; would also be willing to attend to the mending, provided the school hours were abbreviated; or would take charge of an invalid. Prefers the country. Salary not so much an object as a congenial, Christian home. Address Governess, Box 4740, N. Y. City. Reference may be made to the Officers of the Society.

MRS. S. A. EVANS, Dealer in Threads, Needles, Corsets Hosiery, Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Stationery, No. 420 Fourth Avenue, one door from 30th Street, New York. 624

Packages—not letters—should be marked :

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

29 East 29th Street, New York.

Care

A. Chapman, (Healey's Express,) Pier 16, N. R.

A list of articles, with donors' names and post-office address, should be enclosed in package, and another similar list sent by mail, stating when the package was forwarded.

NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 10 o'clock. All members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

FERRIS FEMALE INSTITUTE,
135 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 32d STREET,
REV. ISAAC FERRIS, D. D., LL. D., President,
MRS. M. S. PARKS, MISSES C. BREWSTER & C. E. FERRIS,
Principals. A few pupils admitted as boarders.
658—63

THE MOTHERS' CONCERT OF PRAYER of the LADIES' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, is held on the first Wednesday in the month, at 3 p. m. in the Parlors over the Lecture Room of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, 6th Av., Cor. of 34th St.

The Association hold stated Devotional Meetings, on Fridays, at 11 a. m., at 160 East 14th, the first Friday in the month being devoted to business.

Ladies generally are cordially invited to attend the above meetings.

If those who are now gathering seeds and herbs for future use would take the trouble to put up a paper of larkspur seed, mark and slip it in some corner of the next Home box to be sent, they would confer a special favor. It is a much-needed article for our medicine case, and while of small value where it grows abundantly, is quite expensive, if bought of city druggists.

Plain clothing for women, and for children over eight years old, especially sacques, hose and shoes, are much needed at the Home.

Fall fruits, meal, potatoes, &c., are much wanted by our Home family. Knowing that they are quite abundant in some sections of the country, we venture to ask that those who have them will remember the poor children, whose caretakers have no orchards from which to gather supplies. Will not some of our former "Home children," that live in the rural districts, ask permission to help gather up the falling fruit, and send a tenth to 29 E. 29th St. If they should do so, the little ones here would give them three cheers.

TO DONORS.—Small Packages, sent to the City by private hand may be left at either of the following places:
Hubbard and Gillette, dealers in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 18 Cortlandt Street.
Jas. O. Bennett, Commission Merchant, New Produce Exchange, Cor. Whitehall & Pearl.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.—ALL persons remitting funds to this office are requested to avoid inclosing soiled or defaced POSTAGE STAMPS, which are worthless and cannot be acknowledged as cash.

Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses.



"HOME" CHARITY BAZAAR.

For the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless.

THE Managers of the HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS propose to hold a CHARITY BAZAAR, in aid of this Institution, during the second week in December next, at the Home Chapel, 29 E. 29th Street.

Useful articles, of every description, are solicited, especially ready-made clothing, for children or adults, of a quality that, if not transmuted into funds, may be used with economy for our large Home household.

The state of the country renders untiring exertions needful to meet the increasing necessities of our work. The Bazaar—as formerly—will be conducted on Christian principles, "giving none occasion to speak reproachfully."

Whatever may be contributed to this object will be duly acknowledged, and gratefully appreciated.

RULES.

1.—The Bazaar shall be under the special direction of a Committee of Arrangements, consisting of eleven ladies, duly appointed by the Board of Managers.

2.—The location and contents of the tables shall be designated by said Committee.

3.—The Committee of Arrangements shall supervise the prices charged for articles. No exorbitant charges to be allowed, and change in all cases to be returned to purchasers.

4.—Lotteries, post-offices, grab-bags, fortunetelling, drawing by numbers, etc., are to be strictly prohibited.

5.—Nothing shall be furnished to any person from the refreshment table except upon receipt of the regular charges.

6.—The Bazaar shall open at 11 o'clock A. M. and close at 10 P. M., from Monday, Dec. 8th, to Saturday, Dec. 13th.

7.—Admission, 10 cts; children, half price. Season Tickets, 25 cts.

BAZAAR COMMITTEE.

MRS. S. J. GOODENOUGH, *Chairman.*

MRS. A. H. KELLY, *Secretary.*

MRS. E. W. CHESTER, MRS. S. R. I. BENNETT,
" R. M. BUCHANAN, " J. C. ANGELL,
" J. W. BAKER, " E. C. BENEDICT,
" JAMES BAYLES, " N. BAILEY,
" H. C. CREHORE, " A. WIGHT,

MRS. S. N. HYDE.

SUB-COMMITTEES.

Refreshments.—MRS. J. BAYLES, J. W. BAKER, E. W. CHESTER & A. H. KELLY.
Advertising.—MRS. S. J. GOODENOUGH & S. R. I. BENNETT.

Doorkeepers, Flags and Transparencies.—MRS. R. M. BUCHANAN & H. C. CREHORE.

Toys.—MRS. A. WIGHT, N. BAILEY & S. N. HYDE.
Books.—MRS. S. R. I. BENNETT, R. M. BUCHANAN
J. C. ANGELL & E. STARR.

Receiving and Appraising Goods.—MRS. E. W. CHESTER, J. W. BAKER, J. BAYLES & E. C. BENEDICT.

600,000 MALE OR FEMALE AGENTS
TO SELL
LLOYD'S NEW STEEL PLATE COUNTY COLORED
MAP OF THE UNITED STATES,
CANADAS AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

From recent surveys, completed Aug. 10, 1862; cost \$20,000 to engrave it and one year's time.

Superior to any \$10 map ever made by Colton or Mitchell, and sells at the low price of fifty cents; 370,000 names are engraved on this map.

It is not only a County Map, but it is also a
COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP
of the United States and Canadas combined in one, giving
EVERY RAILROAD STATION
and distances between.

Guarantee any woman or man \$3 to \$5 per day, and will take back all maps that cannot be sold and refund the money.

Send for \$1 worth to try.
Printed instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents.

Wanted—Wholesale Agents for our Maps in every State, California, Canada, England, France and Cuba. A fortune may be made with a few hundred dollars capital. *No Competition.* J. T. LLOYD, No. 164 Broadway, New York.

The War Department uses our map of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, cost \$100,000, on which is marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland Heights, Williamsport Ferry, Rhoersville, Noland's Ford, and all others on the Potomac, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, or money refunded.

LLOYD'S
TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF KENUCKY,
OHIO, INDIANA, and ILLINOIS,

is the only authority for Gen. Buell, and the War Department. Money refunded to any one finding an error in it. Price 50 cents.

From the Tribune, Aug. 2.
"LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA.—This Map is very large; its cost is but 25 cents, and it is the best which can be purchased."

LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—From Actual Surveys by Capts. Bart and Wm. Bowen, Mississippi River Pilots, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every man's plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico—1,350 miles—every sand bar, island, town, landing, and all places 20 miles back from the river—colored in counties and States. Price \$1 in sheets, \$2, pocket form, and \$2.50 on linen, with rollers. Ready Sept. 20.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Sept. 17, 1862.

J. T. LLOYD—*Sir:* Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as are required for use of that squadron.

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

H O M E Insurance Company of New York.

OFFICE 112 & 114 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

ASSETS, 1ST JAN., 1860, 1,458,396 28

LIABILITIES, " " 42,580 43

This Company continues to Insure Buildings, Merchandise Ships in Port and their Cargoes, Household Furniture and Personal Property Generally, against Loss or Damage by FIRE, on favorable Terms.

Losses Equitably Adjusted and Promptly paid.

DIRECTORS.

Charles J. Martin,	Ward A. Work,	Levi P. Morton
A. F. Wilmarth,	James Low,	Curtis Noble,
W. G. Lambert,	I. H. Frothingham,	J. B. Hutchinson,
George C. Collins,	C. A. Buckley,	C. P. Baldwin,
Danford N. Barney,	Cephas N. Horton,	Amos T. Dwight,
Lucius Hopkins,	G. D. Morgan	Henry A. Hurlburt,
T. Messenger,	Theo. McNamee,	Jesse Hoyt,
W. H. Mellen,	Richard Bigelow,	W. Sturgis, Jr.,
Charles B. Hatch,	Olliver E. Wood,	John R. Ford,
B. Watson Bull,	Alfred S. Barnes,	Sidney Mason,
Homer Morgan,	George Bliss,	G. T. Stedman,
Levi P. Stone,	Roe Lockwood,	Cyrus Yale, Jr.,
James Humphrey,	John G. Nelson,	W. R. Fordick,
George Pearce,	David I. Boyd,	F. H. Cossit.
CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.		
A. F. WILLMARSH, Vice President.		
JOHN M'GEE, Secretary.		

672

Rushton's Walnut Candy—A WHOLESOME CONFECTION—SOMETHING NEW—Wholesale and Retail at the old establishment, No. 10 Astor House, cor. Barclay St., N. Y. Don't buy any without the ball IS UP on it.

N. J. Steamboat Company.

THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF STEAMERS,
NEW WORLD, CAPT. A. P. ST. JOHN, and
ISAAC NEWTON, CAPT. W. H. PECK,
Leaves ALBANY every evening, (Sundays excepted) from Steamboat Square, on the arrival of the STEAMBOAT EXPRESS from BUFFALO.

Tickets for the People's Line can be procured at all the Railroad offices West.

All FREIGHT consigned to People's Line at ALBANY will be promptly delivered in NEW YORK, on commodious and sheltered docks.

Freight is received in NEW YORK for all points WEST Rates are as low as by any other Line.

622

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

MINISTERS, who occasionally present to their people the claims of the Society, can receive the paper free of charge. We shall be glad to hear from all those now receiving it, as the list is being revised.

Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c. a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c. a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

Postage on Canada papers, which should be sent with the Subscription price, 12c. a year.

POSTMASTERS and others, desiring papers to be discontinued, will please send the name of the P. O. as well as of the Subscriber.

BOUND VOLUMES of the *Advocate and Family Guardian*.—A few copies of each of 1858, 1859 and 1860 are on hand, price \$1 for '58; \$1.25 for '59 and '60, nearly bound in muslin. The postage being 45c., it is better to have them sent by express or private hand.

ALL MONEY SENT FOR BOOKS, to the ADVOCATE and Guardian Office, must be at the risk of those sending it. If possible remit drafts on New York, payable to order.

THE carrier of this paper, MR. JOHN LINE is authorized to receive subscriptions.

HOME WHISPERS TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.
By Melva. Handsomely bound 12mo volume, of 338 pages, well printed on fine paper. 75c., Gilt, \$1—sent by Mail, free of Postage.

Address, Advocate and Guardian Office, 29 East 29th St., New York.

WRECKS AND RESCUES. BY AN EARLY MEMBER of the Board of Managers of the A. F. G. Society Containing some of the most prominent cases in the early History of the Female Guardian Society. A handsomely-bound 12mo. volume of 255 pages, well printed on fine paper, with four engravings 75c., Gilt, \$1—sent by Mail free of Postage.

Address, Advocate and Guardian Office, 29 East 29th St., New York.

WALKS OF USEFULNESS AMONG THE SINNING and the Sorrowing; or Reminiscences of the Life-Work of Margaret Prior. A new edition—the 17th—handsomely printed on fine white paper, and well bound uniformly with Home Whispers and Wrecks and Rescues, and will be sent by mail, postage free on receipt of price at the Advocate and Guardian Office, 29 East 29th St., New York. Price, Extra Muslin, 60c., Gilt, 80c.

WE will send a copy of each of the following, post-paid for \$2.

HOME WHISPERS,
WRECKS AND RESCUES,
WALKS OF USEFULNESS,
or; for \$2 with the names of two new subscribers to the Advocate, we will send the New Edition of WALKS OF USEFULNESS, as a premium. Address, Advocate and Guardian Office, 29 East 29th Street, N. Y.

ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

TERMS.

\$1 a year, (in advance) to Single Subscribers, \$5 (in advance) will pay for Ten Copies sent to one address; and at the same rate for any additional number.

Letters designed for publication, should be addressed to the *Editor of Advocate and Guardian*, 29 E. 29th Street, New York. Box 4740.

Letters designed for the Board or Executive Committee, and Reports of Auxiliaries, address Corresponding Secretaries, A. F. G. Soc. 29 E. 29th St. New York. Box 4740.

Letters concerning the *Advocate and Guardian*, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed to Mrs. SARAH A. STONE,

29 E. 29th Street,

Box No. 4740. New York.

The only safe way of transmitting funds, is by draft, payable to Mrs. Sarah A. Stone, Treasurer.

[No. 658. November 15, 1862.]